UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Released from Bondage—Part I - - - - - - - - - *Synnove Larsen Baasch*

Totalitarianism Is Never Complete - - - - - - - - - - *Rufus M. Jones*

Whither Salvation? - *Park Jerauld White, Jr.*

In the Name of Peace - - *Miriam Ziony*

Study Table

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Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 131
Jottings—J. H. H. 133

ARTICLES—
Released from Bondage—Part I—SYNNOVE LARSEN BAASCH .. 134
Totalitarianism Is Never Complete—RUFUS M. JONES 136
Whither Salvation?—PARK JERAULD WHITE, JR. 137
In the Name of Peace—MIRIAM ZIONY 140

STUDY TABLE—
A Great Faith—JULIA N. BUDLONG 141
Joy and Woe Are Woven Fine—REBEKAH S. GREATHOUSE 142
Important Role of the Irish—MICHAEL B. SCHELER 143
In Quest of Happiness—S. B. 143

CORRESPONDENCE—
Chamberlain and Czechoslovakia—GEORGE M. GIBSON 144
In Reply to Mr. Grose—LEO KAUL 144
Anti-Semitism in Germany—ALICE STONE BLACKWELL 144

THE FIELD—
"Mexico Must Not Become Another Spain"—*Nofrontier News Service* 130

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

"Mexico Must Not Become Another Spain"

A striking resolution on relations between the United States and Mexico has been adopted by the Building Trades Council of Newton, Massachusetts, and sent to the President. It is reported that numerous other labor bodies and peace organizations throughout the country are following suit. The resolution reads:

Whereas, The relations between the United States and Mexico are now strained by the attempt of our State Department to force the Cardenas government to pay immediately for oil lands and plantations taken over for the Mexican people; and

Whereas, The oil companies forfeited their possessions by refusing to abide by the labor laws of Mexico . . .; and

Whereas, The oil companies, both British and American, have refused to accept payment in kind, the only possible form of payment for poverty-stricken Mexico, and have helped organize a world boycott against Mexican oil; and

Whereas, Such boycott endangers all commerce with Mexico and thereby harms workers in the United States, especially those in factories making mining and quarrying machinery, refinery equipment, steel plates, railroad cars, tractors, automobiles and parts, radios and other goods which were purchased in large quantities by Mexico until the oil crisis; and

Whereas, The United States has accepted the refusal of the European debtors to pay their debt and does not threaten them with reprisals; therefore

Be it resolved, that we protest to the President of the United States that the Good Neighbor policy requires a more friendly understanding of the attempt of the Mexican people to free themselves from centuries of foreign exploitation, during which non-citizens have taken the natural wealth of Mexico, degraded the population, and connived with anti-social elements to evade and belittle Mexican laws; and that

We ask that the Government place no further obstacles, diplomatic or economic, in the path of the present government of Mexico, which obviously represents the will of the people of that country, and which, if it were to fall before foreign pressure, or be forced to turn aside from its social program, would be likely to give way to chaos caused by Fascist attempts to gain power. Mexico must not become another Spain!

Nofrontier News Service.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXII MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1939 No. 9

TO THOSE WHO COME

The Old Year passes, but the New Year comes.
Ring out the old! aye! but ring in the new!
Tell your Necrologies, acclaim the few,
The famed who have passed on. I hear the drums
For the new-born; the great, when wars and slums,
And all their spawn of woe the ages through,
Our great of yesterday failed to undo;
The bread they promised yielding only crumbs:—
When these, the new-born of our transit years,
Of whom we know not yet their place or name,
Shall put our vaunted dignities to shame;
By such an hope, I yield nor praise nor tears
For those whose judgment waits on other spheres:
Let me tomorrow's greater great acclaim.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

NECROLOGY—1938

The famous dead of this past year are fewer in number, and contain less distinguished names, than for many years gone by. As we scan these names, we note none of absolute preëminence—no names destined to immortality centuries hence. If there be exception to this generalization, it lies in the case of the Jews who will remember proudly and gratefully, for an indefinite period to come, the great names of BENJAMIN CARDOZO, justice of the United States Supreme Court, and CLAUDE MONTEFIORE, leader of Reformed Judaism in England. These men, curiously enough, died on the same day. The memorial of the Jews is likely to be shared by the world, for Cardozo was a lawyer and jurist of unique distinction, and Montefiore an author, scholar, and statesman.

In the world of religion we note among the dead of 1938 the names of PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES, of the Catholic diocese of New York; PAUL RADER, Protestant evangelist; FREDERICK B. FISHER, Methodist bishop for many years in India and friend of Gandhi; LEIGHTON PARKS, GEORGE CHALMERS RICHMOND, and R. TOWNSEND HENSHAW, Episcopalian clergymen; ADELBERT L. HUDSON, ROGER S. FORBES, and PAUL S. PHALEN, Unitarian; VICTOR E. TOMLINSON, Universalist; DAVID SCOTT KENNEDY, Presbyterian; LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE, formerly an Ethical Culture leader, and RABBI MORRIS LICHTENSTEIN, Jewish scientist.

Literature presents one name of glittering brilliancy if not of enduring lustre—GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, the Italian poet and playwright. Others are PALACIO VALDES, the Spanish novelist; AYLMER MAUDE, the friend, translator, and biographer of Tolstoi; LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE, the English poet; E. V. LUCAS, the English essayist and appropriate biographer of Charles Lamb, and, in our own country, OWEN WISTER and THOMAS WOLFE, famous novelists; J. V. A. WEAVER, poet; LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, essayist; JAMES WELDON JOHNSON, Negro poet, and MARY E. WALLER, author of that unique book, *The Wood Carver of 'Lympus.* Closely akin to literature is journalism, which this year records the loss of PAUL Y. ANDERSON, noted reporter; O. O. MCINTYRE, columnist; ROBERT SCRIPPS, newspaper publisher, and JOHN DUNCAN CLARK, editorial writer of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Education and science include among their dead four distinguished Harvard scholars—PROF. WILLIAM HENRY PICKERING, astronomer; PROF. EDWIN H. HALL, physicist; PROF. E. M. EAST, anthropologist, and PROF. CHESTER GREENOUGH, English literature. Other scholars are PROF. JOHN BATES CLARK, economist; WILLIAM MACDONALD, political historian; DR. W. H. MACE, American historian; PROF. WILLIAM MCDOUGALL, psychologist; GROVER CLARK, Far East expert, and PROF. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE, long teacher of church history at the Meadville Theological School. We also remember WILLIAM A. WIRT, school superintendent of Gary, Indiana; DR. SAMUEL SMITH DRURY, principal of St. Paul's School; DR. WILLIAM GOODELL FROST, president of Berea College, and DR. FREDERICK TILNEY, world-famous brain specialist.

From the world of the theater have passed the immortal CONSTANTIN SERGEVITCH STANISLOVSKY, of the Moscow Art Theater, and ANTON LANG, the Oberammergau "Christus." Also, such actors as ROBERT MCWADE, H. REEVES-SMITH, CONWAY TEARLE, JAMES THORNTON, WARNER OLAND, the movie star, and THOMAS K. HEATH, of the famed McIntyre and Heath vaudeville team; such actresses as PAULINE FREDERICK, MAY IRWIN, VIOLA TREE, ESTHER LYONS, MAY YOHE, ROSAMUND PINCHOT, and PEARL

White; also James Forbes, playwright; Charles W. Lederer, producer, and Toto, the clown. Music, akin to drama, remembers such figures as Feodor Chaliapin, the Russian basso; George Baklanoff, baritone; Alma Gluck, soprano; Leopold Godowsky, pianist and composer, and Sir Landon Ronald, English composer and conductor.

Government and politics lost one great name last year—that of Ataturk (Kemal Pasha), the Turkish dictator. With him may be named Octavian Goga, the Roumanian premier, and Otto Bauer and Emil Fey, noted Austrian statesmen. In our own country are listed Col. Edward M. House, who, with nobler motives made more disastrous trouble than any other modern man; Royal S. Copeland, senator from New York; Charles S. Hamlin, Democratic leader; Albert Ottinger, New York attorney-general; Arthur Prentice Rugg, chief justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; Richard Crane, diplomat, and "Bath-House" John Coughlin, of Chicago.

Labor and social reform include some great names among the dead. Abroad, we note Karl Kautsky, German socialist, friend of Marx; Jean Longuet, French socialist; Herbert Smith, English Labor leader, and Carl von Ossietzki, German pacifist and Nobel prize winner, tortured and killed by the Nazis. In our country, we record in honor the names of Clarence Darrow, friend of every underdog; John Graham Brooks, pioneer student and advocate of labor; Andrew Furuseth, leader of American seamen; Graham Taylor, Chicago settlement worker; Fiske Warren, Single Tax advocate; Meyer Bloomfield, vocational guidance expert; Charles P. Howard, trade union leader; A. Leo Weil, social reformer; Bolton Hall, tireless Single Taxer; B. Charnak Vladeck, New York labor leader, and Isidore D. Morrison, Zionist. To these may be added two distinguished philanthropists—George Foster Peabody, and Adolph Lewisohn.

The world of business misses the figures of S. Parker Gilbert and E. T. Stotesbury, financiers; Harvey Firestone, tire manufacturer; Frank Waterman, of the fountain pen; Charles Mackay, of the Postal Telegraph; Thomas L. Chadbourne, corporation lawyer, and—Samuel Insull!

The miscellaneous list includes three famous artists, George Gray Barnard, sculptor; William Clark Noble, sculptor and painter, and William L. Lathrop, painter. Also, four military men—Gen. Han Fu-chu, of China; Gen. Joseph Degoutte, of France, and Admirals Thomas Magruder and Cary T. Grayson, of this country. Then follows a mixed array of distinction and notoriety: three royal figures—Queen Maud, of Norway; Queen Marie, of Roumania, and Prince Arthur, of Connaught, to which may be added the Countess of Strathmore, mother of the English Queen; the Countess of Warwick, and the Duke of Devonshire; Frank Hawks and Edwin Musick, American aviators; Frank J. Sexton, athletic coach; James A. Ten Eyck, crew coach; Capt. "Nat" Herreshoff, yachtsman and designer, and Suzanne Lenglen, greatest of women tennis stars; John A. Harriss, traffic expert, and Gaston B. Means, "crook."

SINCE MUNICH

Things have not gone very well since the Munich pact. In saying this we are not criticizing Mr. Chamberlain, as most other people are doing. A great endeavor such as the British Premier's visit to Germany in the hour of crisis has nothing to do with considerations of success and failure. Jesus, Socrates, Joan of Arc, John Brown, all failed in what they undertook to do, and we think none the less of them for that. And it may be well to remember that we are now sitting around throwing brickbats at Mr. Chamberlain only because he succeeded at least to the extent of giving us a breathing-space in which to contemplate events, and wrestle with them to the end of peace. Had there been no Munich to debate about, there would now be no Europe to worry about! But the fact remains, nonetheless, that Mr. Chamberlain's hopes have been disappointed. The Fascist powers are as intransigent as ever, and the ultimate fate of the world as desperate. The Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel—still the horror grows, and with it the peril to mankind! Yet do we find hope, increasing hope, in the European situation. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Every moment goes to prove that these dictators are mad. Take Mussolini, for example! As though Ethiopia and Spain were not liabilities heavy enough to tax his strength, the Duce has now launched the sheer insanity of claims for the surrender of Tunisia, Savoy, and Nice by France to Italy. If anything could restore France from the diplomatic defeat in Czechoslovakia, and make the republic once again a dominant power, it is this imperialistic demand of Italy which unites all Frenchmen on a single front, and arms them with the outraged sensibilities of mankind. The same is true of Hitler, who out-tricked Chamberlain at Munich and had an accord with Britain right in his hands, and now flings his advantage all away by insulting the English people and threatening their power. It all goes to show that we can trust to these dictators themselves to work their own destruction. They will overleap themselves, and fall crashing on the other side. All we need is time—*time*. And that is just the one priceless thing which Chamberlain brought back from Munich.

HOW NEWS IS DISTORTED

In the New York *Times* for December 7th, there appeared an amazing headline—"Gandhi Would Back War to End Nazi Persecution." Here was startling news. Gandhi, pacifist of pacifists, abandoning his life-long convictions and urging war against Germany! Excited eyes followed down to the despatch from Bombay, and there read:

> Mohandas K. Gandhi said today that "if ever there could be a justifiable war in the name of humanity, a war against Germany—to prevent the wanton persecution of a whole race—would be completely justified."

As we read this statement, the one thing that impressed us was that momentous word, "if." Had the headline-writer missed it, or deliberately ignored it? The meaning of Gandhi's statement is perfectly plain—and one which the most extreme of pacifists would accept in this case of Nazi Germany. *"If* ever there could be a justifiable war"!—that conditional clause is thus inserted, is it not, because Gandhi believes that there can be no such thing as "a justifiable war." It's just like saying—*if* assassination were ever justifiable, then . . ., *if* ever there were a case of justifiable adultery, then . . ., *if* a lie is ever right, then . . .! There can be no doubt as to what is meant in these cases, and there should have been no doubt as to what Gandhi meant in the above quotation. Indeed, in this very despatch from Bombay, Gandhi is quoted as referring to the German Jews, and saying:

> If I were a Jew and were born in Germany. . . ., I would claim Germany as my home, even as the tallest Gentile may, and challenge him to shoot me or cast me into a dungeon. I would refuse to be expelled or to submit to discriminating treatment.

Here is it perfectly clear that Gandhi remains today as faithful as ever to his rule of life, which is not to fight nor yet to surrender, but to suffer. The *Times* headline-writer distorted the news, and thus set one more canard upon its way.

SENTIMENTALITY!

The American people never seem to us to be so unattractive as when, for some reason or no reason, they plunge themselves into an orgy of sentimentality. The razing of the Sixth Avenue "El" in New York City is a case in point. Here is a monstrosity which enlightened public opinion has been trying to get rid of for years. The "El" is the ugliest horror that ever disgraced a so-called civilized community. Its clash and clatter was a noise to wake the dead and damn the living. Its over-arching shadow ruined one of Manhattan's finest avenues, and doomed all its real estate values to bankruptcy. Its stations and general equipment were dirty, broken down, in a shocking condition of disrepair. Rolling stock was of the vintage of horse-and-buggy days, and threatened at any moment, like the one-horse shay, to go to pieces all at once. Finally, after heartbreaking delays, there came the day to begin the dismantling and removal of the structure. The new Sixth Avenue subway, now rapidly approaching completion, made its further presence intolerable and inexcusable. Then came a wave of sentimentality that engulfed the town. The newspapers were swamped with letters bemoaning the end of a railroad which had served the people for, lo, these sixty years. Meetings were held in protest against the desecration of an ancient landmark. Picket lines patrolled City Hall Park on behalf of the seven hundred aged employees who were about to be cast out upon a cold, cold world. Souvenir-hunters stormed the cars and stations to get possession of signs, door-handles, advertising placards —anything to serve as a memento. Last trains were run, packed to the doors with excited crowds, and hailed by other crowds gathered on the streets to say farewell. It was a spectacle to touch the heart of a walrus, and turn the stomach of a philosopher. All this, mind you, in a city which tears down its buildings every quarter of a century, tosses its automobiles into the second-hand rubbish heap on the appearance of the annual new models, shifts its homes from apartment to apartment every October, and in business and pleasure alike cares not for God, man, nor the devil. Years ago we heard President Charles William Eliot, of Harvard, warn his hearers in a public address to distinguish carefully between "sentiment" and "sentimentality." The one is the deep feeling of a sincere heart, the other the sham emotion of a sick imagination.

Jottings

It is hard work this year saying "Merry Christmas," but it is still possible to pray, "Happy New Year"!

Dr. Richard C. Cabot, in his book on *Honesty,* declares that we should always tell the truth—even when a woman asks us if we like her hat! It will be agreed, we think, that Dr. Cabot has offered these days the supreme test of his thesis.

Our Sunday Visitor, a national Catholic Action Weekly, publishes an article with the caption, "What America Needs Most—Ten Million Babies." We suggest that here is a good occupation for the unemployed. Let each and every one of the unemployed families of the country rear one or more babies, and the goal will be promptly reached. And then think how well off we shall all be at once!

Robert G. Ingersoll declared that "government has committed more crimes than it has prevented." This is true—and remember it the next time you encounter a person who argues in the name of patriotism that government is entitled to the full and unquestioning allegiance of the individual!

We were interested to read the other day in a biographical sketch that we graduated from the Harvard *Division* School in 1904. "Division" as a substitute for "Divinity" is not chargeable against the Harvard Divinity School, but it contains dreadful implications as regards many another school, and Christianity in general.

"Ancient Egyptians Danced at Funerals." Headline in New York *Times*, September 21st.

We don't know about dancing at funerals in general, but we know some funerals we would dance at right gladly. And the corpses at these funerals wouldn't be difficult to identify, either.

J. H. H.

Released from Bondage

SYNNOVE LARSEN BAASCH

I

About 150 miles south of St. Louis, the limecliffs along the Mississippi yield rather abruptly to a plain so low that it is often flooded—land so flat that the rise is only a foot to the mile, land where any rainfall or any rise of the river would remain indefinitely in stagnant ponds, swamps, and shallow lakes, were it not for levees and drainage ditches. In the old days—not even a hundred years ago—the district, except for a few ridges, was a swamp with huge trees of many kinds, millions of flowers through the sunflecked underbrush; there must have been a struggle for survival as ruthless as in the wildest equatorial jungle among the plants and animals that rose into brief life from the fertile mud. It is easy to see how it must have been all over the plain. All you have to do is to cross the levee that separates the cottonfields of today from the riverswamps that have existed since prehistoric times. In spring, it is a pleasure to take the drive eastwards on one of the gravel roads that branch off Highway 61. After a few miles you see the slight elevation in the ground, the man-made levee, and behind it the crowns of the swamp trees, light green. Up a steep bank, down the other side of it, and you are in the swamps. The air is shimmering over the stretches of water that reach in and in beneath the green branches. Brown butterflies over countless yellow flowers, swarms of mosquitoes glistening in a sunbeam between two shadow spots, feathery willow and shining oak reaching into a blue as fresh as that of any northern sky. The air is delicious, streaked with fragrance—here and there it does not quite conceal the breath of something that is rotting in the underbrush; but you sense much more of beauty than of terror, even though the shadows seem impenetrable. There may be something sinister and ruthless about such a stretch of land where man-made history becomes insignificant because the history of the globe is so very evident.

But the people you see on this balmy day are not contemplating geological data. Their imaginations are not watching ghosts of mammoth lizards waddling through the underbrush. If they do think, at all, of anything sinister that may have happened in this swamp—of someone, perhaps, that disappeared in here and was never found—it certainly does not show on their faces. They are not searching and suspecting. No, they are scattered in small groups, men and women, black and white, young and old and children, along the roundabout edges of the waters, fishing. They are quiet for the sake of the fishing, daydreaming, dozing, smiling perhaps at some casual joke that just passed, or at nothing. They have retained the ability which animals have, to live in the moment, to meet emergencies as they come, and to shun the thought of tomorrow. To us, they seem as carefree as any jungle animal living in its right element. But this is the springtime. The weather is neither hot nor cold. There are wild greens in the roadsides, and fish in the swamp waters. How do these people live during the other seasons? Do they live here in the swamps, in those ragged tents and sheds we glimpse in the rare clearings?

Some of them do live thus, and to you their living and dying seems to be as wild as that of, say, orangutans. But most of the people that are here fishing come from the cottonfields west of the levee, and, if they seem happy and at ease in the moment, they certainly have earned it. They are the sharecroppers and the day laborers from the cottonfields. Good for them that they can shun the thought of tomorrow; for though the soil is rich, these people are utterly poor, and have no honest chance of working up and out of their miserable surroundings. Debt, ignorance, sickness, insecurity, trickiness, starvation—these are things which the people in the cottonfields know so well that they take them for granted. Sickness, for example: in 1934 the malaria mortality for all of Missouri was four per every 100,000; but in Southeast Missouri the corresponding figures were sixty-six per 100,000. They call it "Swamp-East Missouri" and that name gives you the background for all the evils that beset the people there: Typhoid, tuberculosis, pneumonia, diarrhea, and enteritis. Of the latter two diseases, all Missouri lost 18 children under two years of age per 100,000 in 1934; but in Southeast Missouri 102 infants died for every 100,000 in that same year from these causes. One might quote much more of the same kind; but this is quite enough to show that Swamp-East Missouri is no paradise, no matter how rich the vegetation.

There are small pleasant towns scattered over the plain, towns with large houses surrounded by wide green lawns and magnificent trees. The people that live in these towns have a great local pride

and love the fertile plain, attuned to its moods as are New Englanders or Europeans to the soil of their ancestors. And well they may, for even to the newcomer this swamp has great charm—how much more, then, to people whose families have been settled on the ridges in this land since plow first broke the ground.

Compared with the sharecroppers, however, there are not many townspeople. And the sharecroppers and farm laborers do not often have any ties to this land. In most instances they have lived here from one to three years. They are of old English or French stock, occasionally German, and have come here from the Ozarks or from Arkansas. There are some among them who have stayed here as long as fifteen years, and a very few are born here; but the great majority are transients. Even the numerous Negroes in the region are not born on this land, but have come from southern states. For all these, there are no large cool houses set on shady lawns but shacks set in the open fields, where the cotton grows close to the very walls. The small cottages set near public roads are often white-painted on the outside, and that, of course, does give them an air of modest respectability. Occasionally—very occasionally—a shack will be set in a small group of trees, and right away you remember the old-time songs about romance in cottages, for in this fertile soil, and with the sunshine and moisture too abundant for man's comfort, a vine or shrub will gain a growth and a bloom as abundant as that in any ten-cent store picture of springtime and red roses. But these cottages, whether white-painted or vine-covered, are no better living quarters than are the unpainted, unshaded, ramshackle sheds farther afield. When we have seen their exteriors we hesitate to step within; and the interiors might stun even a lively imagination. During the cotton-picking season, the transients are crowded into these cottages, one family to every two rooms. Landowners give preference to large families that can furnish many cotton-picking "hands." Compared with the families, shelters are so scarce that landowners may choose from a multitude of applicants. Thus, the system encourages a high birth rate; but the living conditions enforce a high death rate.

An outsider is tempted to criticize the landowners for allowing such conditions. The contrast between the large, comfortable houses and the shacks is too great. There are plenty of reasons for it, however. First, we must bear in mind that the townspeople have been established for several generations and know one another; but to them, as to us, the sharecroppers are a mass of strangers, easily and superficially sorted into a few character types that range under two main headings: Good, and Bad. Good, if this type of family will serve you well; Bad, if it will not. In both cases, the family is easily replaced. The sharecropper is a familiar feature, accepted as a necessity; but he does not remain here long enough to gain love and respect on individual merit. His type is a tradition here, but individually he has no roots and no traditions in this place. Deprived of the moral support which most of us get from relatives and friends, he feels strange in a strange environment, and reserves his confidence for members of his immediate family. Toward outsiders he has learned to be suspicious. That does not render him lovable, and so he is not loved by the landowners as a class.

Let us consider who the landowners are. The government gave this land to the people in 1853. It was parcelled out to persons who carried individual responsibility for their farms. Gradually, however, the possession of land was gathered in fewer hands, not so much of individuals as of banks and insurance companies, many of them without offices in the region. Much of the land was bought on speculation by non-residents. Thus, the personal responsibility of the owner was forgotten, and the land was cultivated, in most cases, according to those methods which most quickly would fill the pocketbook of the absentee owner. The sharecroppers and day laborers might adjust or get out. Under these circumstances, the local landowner, even though he loves the land and wishes to deal justly, cannot afford to furnish decent living conditions to his workers. He is himself hard pressed, for the insurance companies are ready to take over his property whenever he fails; he also has great expenses, cash outlay, to meet every year, for the drainage taxes in the region are enormous—and they have to be enormous if the land shall not revert to swamp land. These latter years his income is not so great as it has been, because the soil is becoming exhausted. First, the virgin timber was cut, and, next, repeated crops of cotton took the nourishment out of the soil. Nothing was put back, and now the dirt has become so light that it blows up in eddies and drifts on the slightest breeze. In spite of the good rainfall and the high level of ground water, Swamp-East Missouri has her large share of dust storms—a queer companion to the swamp-bred evils of floods and malaria. By now, conditions in the region are such that no isolated, private initiative can hope to break the vicious circle where one evil causes the next one the year around. The land is still rich, but its wealth goes mostly to absentee owners. The town of Sikeston, for example, did have more millionaires than any town of its size in the United States; but that is not so any more. On the open land the depletion is obvious; the people are grazing on the wealth of earlier times as did the seven lean cows of Pharaoh's dream; they grazed, yet grew no fatter.

Because of the desperate social and economic situation, the government decided to establish one of its Farm Security Administration projects in the region. The project is experimental in character, and is still too young for any smug assertions of success; but aside from the obvious duty of the government to combat great national misfortunes like soil erosion, there is reason to believe that the public money is well invested. If private individuals and banks can earn money here, the government should be able also to get a fair return on its investment, even though a democratic government cannot engage in shameless exploitation of land and of citizens. On government land we have a right to demand a standard of living that includes frugal, decent necessities; the local health situation must be as good as the average for the state; illiteracy must be abolished; and the soil must be built up by a scientific rotation of crops. These are demands on the future, however. At present,

the experiment may be hit by all manner of reverses, any one of which may prove fatal. A change in the world market for cotton would be a severe test, and probably there must be a shift to other crops, not only for the sake of the soil but also because of the variable market. Local ill will may cause considerable damage; disregard of local opinion would have killed the project even a few months ago—there are many dangers; but let us see what is being planned, and what has been achieved.

[To be continued]

Totalitarianism Is Never Complete

RUFUS M. JONES

It is a common fallacy to treat peoples—the people, for example, of a nation—as an undifferentiated mass. They are taken in the lump, so to speak, and are judged and condemned, especially in time of war, under a blanket term, usually an offensive term. In all such situations we fail to see the concrete human faces, the individual persons, with their throbbing human hearts and their unique ways of life and thought. Their inner attitudes of mind and will are overlooked and swamped in the abstract mass. Those human faces, nevertheless, continue to peer out from behind the abstract phrases. They are there, palpitatingly real, in spite of the almost universal tendency to forget them, to overlook them.

The same thing is true of areas of hate and bitterness and fear, and there are just now many such areas on this planet of ours. It is usually assumed, where there is an atmosphere, a climate, of racial hate and bitterness that it envelops the entire people concerned, and that they can all be "lumped" together under one rubric of hate or fear, with no free individuals, whose human faces stand out uniquely in the general "mass." That is another instance of this common fallacy—to ignore the human faces that are always *there*.

It has been my privilege in these last few years, these especially "dark" years, to visit some of the most intense areas of hate and I have found in every one of them a goodly number of persons who stand out uniquely from the general mass, who are not smothered by the prevailing climate and who maintain in the midst of it an understanding mind, a broad sympathetic spirit, and a quiet creative influence of light and leading. There are in every one of the areas of hate, where I have been, little centers, tiny cells—sometimes a single individual, sometimes a little group of "the silent in the land"—where a wholly different atmosphere is felt and a wholly different spirit breathes from that in the general spaces.

It is somewhat of a mystery how such persons appear in such an unfavorable climate, as it is a mystery how the unexpected saint emerges in the slums, or in the "submerged" family—how the lily comes out of the mud—but the fact, when it appears, is its own unmistakable evidence. And this unpredictable "mutation," this rare specimen of the human family, who goes on loving when everybody else is hating, gives us hope for the race as the spring equinox gives promise of new life for the world.

The Union of South Africa is a country of diverse races which have been in violent collision for two hundred years. The Dutch stock has throughout that period been the dominant race from the point of view of numbers. Even now, when the Union is a Dominion of the British Empire, the Dutch outnumber the British in the ratio of three to two and outvote them at elections. There has been more than a century of friction between these two peoples, involving two stern periods of active war, which engendered very profound attitudes and uneffaced memories.

In this divided country of 2,000,000 white citizens, there are nearly 7,000,000 natives of various Bantu tribes, who during the colonizing period carried on an intermittent but extremely violent warfare with the settlers, both with the Dutch and the British. Besides these native races, there are nearly 800,000 colored people who have some white blood, but who in the main have the social status of the natives, and there are about 225,000 Asiatics from India, largely settled in Natal, who are for the most part ranked with the "depressed" people of color.

The lines of color are sharply drawn. The chasm between the white citizen and the people of various shades of color from mildly dark to black is a very wide one. The color-bar is everywhere in evidence, and racial discrimination has been both in the period of conquest and under the Union a settled policy. The Dutch, speaking generally, are much harder, sterner, in their racial attitudes than are the British. Most of the missionaries who have brought to the natives many of the blessings of the Christian way of life—such as the possibility of education, hospitals, organized religion with the joy of hymn singing, and to some extent liberation from the oppressive burden of superstition and the tyranny of the medicine men and the "witch-smellers"—have been either British or American, and they have done a noble work of a high order.

But the color-bar remains. The white race is in control, the dark races are "depressed," "kept in their place," and can only "walk softly" in their narrow, limited round of life. It is a world of beautiful skies and hills and rivers, broad fields and lordly spaces, but it is, too, a world where fear stalks abroad and across the land; deep-seated hate is much in evidence and involved human problems confront one at every turn.

And yet, in every large center of population there are groups of the "quiet in the land," who have conquered fear, who understand the true issues of life, who know "what men live by," and who are, with the impalpable forces of gentleness and love and truth, pushing back the skirts of darkness and widening the area of light. Persons of this order and of this healing service are not confined to the missionary class. They are sometimes, but none too often, ministers of the gospel. They are as likely—perhaps even more likely—to be university professors, who have caught a larger

view of life and greater faith in the gentle forces of friendliness and love. A number of them are "Oxford Groupers" who have got a clearer vision of what the Christian Gospel involves for life among men. But persons of this larger view and truer way of life are to be found in Parliament, in the Cabinet, on the Judicial Bench, among the leaders of thought and among the statesmen of the nation. Light is coming here, as it comes everywhere, slowly, how slowly! but it is coming. There is a remnant that *sees,* and *feels* and *dares.* It is a remnant that is done with fear and hate and that is vocal with the creative, constructive, if impalpable, forces of human sympathy and understanding; stirred by faith that an atmosphere can be produced in which men of differing races and varying shades of color can live coöperatively, and find a freer, fuller life together.

I have found similar human faces, with similar breadth of spirit, in China, in Japan, in Germany, in Czechoslovakia and in Italy, and I should find them in Russia if I once got there. I know many persons in Japan who in their inner spirit are as free from the imperial policy of the military machine as I am, and who, in spite of the suppression of actual news, and the swirl of propaganda, go straight on exercising their faith in another way of life and breathing a spirit of friendliness and love for the tragically suffering Chinese. There is not much that they can do and there is almost nothing that they can say, but they do preserve in their souls an area of free thought and in their spirits a triumphant attitude which some day will burst into expression and bear visible fruit.

There are no tyrannies that can completely suppress the soul of man. They can control newspapers and printing offices. They can suppress speech and destroy pamphlets, they can put prophets and heralds into concentration camps, or do them to death, but they cannot bridle the human heart or command human sympathies to cease. There never will be complete "totalitarianism" because there will always be "human faces" that will not merge into the "lump," there will always be human hearts that will not fuse into the "mass." There are no compulsions which can compel inner states of mind. There are no dictators who can command the secret citadel of man's free soul.

Whither Salvation?

PARK JERAULD WHITE, JR.

Are others more expert gradually appropriating the ministers' business of salvation? If so, should they? Clearly, the answer to the second question is implicit in the first. No matter what the job, the less proficient will sooner or later see it done by the more proficient. In medicine, in the law, in teaching—as in plumbing and in carpentry—specialists are taking over more and more of the work which formerly fell to general practitioners.

I believe it was Charles Mayo who said that the specialist is one who knows more and more about less and less. Just now, our reverend brothers are in the incipient stages of an acute attack of specialization.

Salvation! Unpopular word, except among the strictly intramural ecclesiastics! But make no mistake. What it stands for is as important today as it ever was. In the Bible, it is used about three times as often in the Old Testament as in the New. Naturally. For *fear* dominates the Old Testament—fear of storms, floods, enemies, demons, spirits, dire things from which there must be deliverance, salvation. The New Testament also has its demons, far too many of them. But its chief concern is sin. Its central figure, the brave young Jew of Nazareth, gave men the same antidote for sin as for fear: love. He knew no fear; for, as an eloquent follower wrote later, perfect love casteth out fear.

It is this love—of men and of God—which ministers of Jesus today are supposed to preach. But the majority of them are afraid—no longer of demons, nor even of hell; but of principalities, of powers, of the rulers of this world, of spiritual wickedness in high places. They sing loud hosannas to "Him that cometh to bring us salvation"; they thunderously proclaim with the latterly fearless Peter that there is no other name under Heaven whereby we must be saved. But they are timid, so many of them, hopelessly timid, and thus bring us no salvation.

There is no more heartening sign in the world today than that of the more liberal churchmen turning from the religion about Christ, as Rabbi Browne calls it, to the religion of Jesus. Paul, that neurotic genius who almost singlehanded preserved Christianity for us, overlaid the Nazarene's simple teachings with his own theological doctrines, including his theory of Jesus as *atoner* and *intercessor,* through whom we obtain vicarious salvation. It has taken nineteen centuries to break through this Pauline fog to the fact which was obvious to Jesus, that the Kingdom of God is within our own "emerging personalities." It has taken the tremendous achievements of modern science to teach us that intercessory prayer has no place in a universe whose divine or natural laws cannot be adjusted to human whim. We moderns pray for *attunement,* communion, rather than atonement.

No one has expressed the enlightened Christian attitude toward salvation better than Kirby Page, in his extremely valuable book, *Jesus or Christianity*:

> Few Christians have ever had any clear idea as to why the Cross is necessary to salvation, or how atonement is wrought by the shedding of blood. . . . Salvation is not release from future punishment or the enjoyment of eternal bliss. Salvation is reconciliation and appreciation; reconciliation with God and man: appreciation of the good, the true, and the beautiful. A man is saved when he shuns unfilial and anti-social attitudes and practices; when he exhibits the virtues of the home. Salvation is not an act; it is a process. We are not saved; we are being saved.

Now, it is perfectly true that in our day as in days when men knew so much less, contact with great personalities or great events can result in true and lasting "conversion"; yet, for the majority of us common folk, dramatic episodes like that of Paul on the Damascus road are not very likely to occur. Especially does this apply to the ever-increasing number whose road is lighted by the cold grim light of science instead of the warm *lux benigna.* I firmly believe that it is only through the painstaking scientific method that we ordinary folk can fulfill Jesus' promise: "the works that I

do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my father." For we must get along without many of the indefinable attributes that enabled Jesus to take firm hold on the lives of men. Incidentally, we are entitled to what encouragement we can get from the fact that even Jesus failed to "convert," to "save" the "ruler of this world" who was so pledged to respectability and the *status quo* that he came to Jesus by night. It was he, forsooth, to whom Jesus talked of spiritual rebirth—he, Nicodemus!

Conversion or renunciation of the dark past, turning to the light of God, would seem, thus, to be but one way of achieving the good life. Or why not give in and call it the abundant life? Or salvation?

William James quotes with approval Leuba's observation that there is little doctrinal theology in such an experience, which starts with the absolute need of a higher helper, and ends with the sense that he has helped us. Leuba, says James, "gives other cases of drunkards' conversions which are purely ethical, containing no theological beliefs whatever." Technically expressed, sudden conversion is connected with the possession of an active subliminal self. Conversion in general is "the process by which a self hitherto divided . . . becomes unified and consciously right, superior, and happy, in consequence of its firmer hold upon religious realities."

Surely we need not begrudge the clergyman his privilege of presenting the claims of religion to the poor vacillating, "divided," or "broken up" personalities. It is his old prerogative. Let him keep it, develop it, and make better and better use of it. Whatever the conversion process, there can be no doubt that religion is one of the most, if not the most important means to the achievement of salvation.

In recent years, science has gone far beyond what might be grotesquely called the *prophylaxis of lost souls.* For a number of decades we have been amazed at (and too stupid to apply) the advances of preventive medicine. Only now are child psychology and preventive psychiatry beginning to make themselves felt. With the care and accuracy of those who work with test tubes, burettes, or electrocardiographs, scientists have been examining children's jealousies, tantrums, fears, stutterings, habit-spasms, disorders of appetite and sleep, lying, stealing, truancy, cruelty, destructiveness, sexual difficulties, minor and major psychoses. (To this discouraging list let us hasten to add joy, affection, eagerness and occasional unselfishness! Else how could even the childless Jesus say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!")

Physicians, parents, teachers, social workers are becoming more and more familiar with the work of men like Gesell, Thorndike, Terman, Jersild, Kanner. These and many other investigators have made elaborate studies of normal and abnormal children, beginning with the newly born. Even the significance of certain motions of the fetus before birth has been scrutinized. And everywhere the necessity of considering the child as a growing, emerging personality has been emphasized.

Someone may interrupt to say: If investigators insist on beginning at the beginning, why not start with heredity? The idea is a good one (one of the best contributions to this phase of the subject being H. S. Jennings' *Biological Basis of Human Nature.*) But we who are interested in "the newer salvation by child guidance" feel that we should waste little time in "passing the buck" to the ancestry.

Suppose five-year-old Willie is a jealous liar and show-off like his (divorced?) father. Someone must begin before it is too late to get all the help necessary to keep Willie out of situations which will provoke his responses—lying and showing off. Let us know as much as possible about heredity. Let us even do what we can with eugenics. But after all, environment is all we can come anywhere near controlling. Perhaps that was why Jesus told a disciple: Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead.

When those concerned with child guidance say they can do nothing about heredity, they must of course make one exception: the adopted baby. Child placing has now become a specialty in which skill can produce happiness and success, and bungling misery and failure. In this country there are a few—very few—foundling homes so carefully conducted that would-be foster parents are never allowed to "take" a baby merely because he is cute and appealing, nor before thorough investigation of both the baby and the new home has been made. Thus, tragic examples like that of Professor A. and his wife are avoided. This highly intellectual couple adopted an infant in such a random manner, became so attached to him that they "stuck to him through thick and thin," only to find as he grew older that stealing was as much a part of his make-up as eating, and that he was always backward and "difficult" in school. The boy came from a line of chronic alcoholics and petty criminals on the father's side, and of prostitution on the mother's side. He should have been boarded with a less intellectual yet conscientious family, and kept under constant supervision by a psychiatric social worker.

Let us not fail to contrast such a situation with the gratifying large number of successful "placements" resulting in children who have made real contributions to family life, and whose later records in school and community have equaled or surpassed those of their "natural" contemporaries. Only in instances of adoption is there anything approximating selection. As parents or children, the rest of us have to make the best of material at hand.

I cannot see how anyone could question the fact that, aside from economic difficulties involved in the depression, the present is by far the best, most hopeful, period in the world's history, from the point of view of the child. Improvement in methods of physical care is obvious. Also, nowadays more and more children are wanted, less and less unexpected. Parents, moreover, are more honest about admitting shortcomings in connection with discipline. Guidance, arranged situations, and real mental hygiene are taking the place of the old spanking, slapping, stand-in-the-corner, "wait-till-daddy-comes-home," "I'll-tell the-doctor," etc.

My grandmother's dictum that "everybody can bring 'em up but those who have 'em" finds confirmation today in the rapid and salutary development of the pre-school movement. From the earliest refusal to eat, through the almost numberless forms of self-assertion resorted to by intelligent "runabouts," the outsider has an immeasurable advantage from the mere fact that he or she is an outsider. How much greater, then, is the contribution of the person highly trained in child psychology!

For a time it seemed to me that those in charge of the pre-primary schools had a deep yearning for the

day when all parents might be destroyed, or at least banished. Emotional instability! Mother-complexes! Father-fixations! Broken homes! Jealousy of baby sister! Only-child set-up! Familiar phrases all, now. Pre-kindergarteners, it seemed, thought that parents could not do right even to the extent of having the proper number of children.

And the parents! Harassed by grandparents who never had to send *their* children to spinsters to bring up; badgered by the hard-boiled pre-kindergarteners as they methodically detailed their angels' shortcomings! The way of the progressive was hard. But note the past tense. It is clear that all the parties enumerated are getting together. Nursery schools have come to stay; and so, it would seem, have parents. And the most important advance has been that, whether spinsters or not, the nursery-school teachers and, to some extent, the doctors have taught both those who send their children to such schools and those who do not, many things which they need to know.

And think of the parent-education movement in general; the night courses, the mothercraft classes, etc. The modern mother is in a fair way to become less a tiger burning bright, and more the wise serpent or harmless dove.

Please note that like all movements based on the application of study and intelligence, the possibilities of modern child psychology for overcoming evil with good are almost without limit. If the word salvation is going out of usage, it is partly because available information is driving out its companion-word *sin*. Let it go. And may the place thereof know it no more! Especially Original Sin! Fortunately the word sinful is seldom applied to very young children. Instead we have elected to use "nasty," or "mean," or "ornery," or, more elegantly, "wayward." These terms, too, are going out. To the psychologists, they are misleading, for they indicate *wilful* disregard of the proprieties. To a child of two, there are no proprieties. But as he grows older he must learn what they are and observe them, or he will be an outcast, unable to get on with his fellows. *Adjustments*—how hard they are to make! Children who cannot make them are called delinquent. Adults who cannot are called criminal. Child psychologists and those who work with and for them are dealing with behavior problems in their incipiency. They are, with results depending on their skill and equipment, remoulding homes nearer to society's desire. They are—Jew or Gentile, white or black—helping to build the Kingdom of God. The clergy can help them, and they can help the clergy.

According to the mental hygienists, the Prodigal Son need never have become prodigal. How I should like to have been able to turn some of them loose upon him! Their unanimous report would have read as follows:

> Mother, a pampered darling, died when younger boy was two years old. Father has always identified younger boy with mother, and has taken older son for granted. Latter has become moody and jealous, but lacking ambition has worked steadily with father. Younger boy's tantrums and whining have always resulted in his getting his way. Wearying of these "scenes," father readily consented to divide property, giving each boy his share. Younger one promptly squandered his and father now has him back on his hands. Brother openly disgruntled. Father characteristically continues to give more attention to problem-child. On mother's death latter should have been placed at once with sensible uncle and aunt living in Jericho.

Karl Menninger's book, *The Human Mind*, contains many similar reports. Consider the immoral "daughter of a minister and an intelligent but prudish mother. . . . The daughter said, It is only I that matter. Religion is just so much narcotic which I don't need. . . . This girl was mentally ruined in childhood by well-meaning but unwise parents."

On the majority of such "unsaved" persons, the methods of adjustment by mental hygiene have never been tried. The mistakes of discipline in early childhood (never mind about heredity) usually find expression during adolescence. The same scientific methods which I have praised so highly have been applied to juvenile delinquency (and for that matter, to adult criminality). Many excellent books have been written about it. But at this point, and afterward, reform, belated conversion, is the only hope. Religion and its cohorts may be useful, but must become part of the scientific program of the mental hygienists. Dealing with established delinquency is obviously as difficult as treating advanced disease.

The Report on the Causes of Crime (National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, 1931) shows that juvenile delinquents are not, for example, distributed uniformly over the city of Chicago, but tend to be concentrated in areas adjacent to the central business district and to heavy industrial areas. And it concludes significantly that "a delinquent career is the product of a natural process of development."

A perfect illustration of this is Clifford Shaw's *The Jack-Roller,* in which he details a delinquent boy's own story. Ernest Burgess, discussing the case, says, "Stanley grew up in a delinquency area. In 1926, 85.4 per cent of all the boys arrested came from homes in the delinquency areas. He lived in a 'broken home.' He began his delinquent career even before he started school. He had institutional experiences in rapid succession."

Burgess' inventory of Stanley's personality-traits (given in part) tallies closely with Dr. Richard Cabot's "familiar tricks of self-deceit."

1. Early rise and persistence of a sense of injustice.
2. Self-pity.
3. Hypercritical of others.
4. Always right; never takes blame but readily blames others.
5. Readily makes friends and as easily breaks with them.
6. Excessive interest in attention.
7. Lacks insight into his own motives and those of others.
8. Suspicious toward others without sufficient cause.
9. Ideas of persecution.
10. Substitutes rationalization for insight.
11. Absorbed in his own ideas and plans.
12. Resentment of correction and resistance to direction.
13. Tendency to escape from unpleasant situations by method of protest.
14. Tendency to moralize.
15. Speed of decision and strength of reaction.

Such scientific analysis may come too late to help Stanley, but it should help those interested in "moral prophylaxis."

In the *Atlantic* for February, 1935, Margaret Prescott Montague writes on Christians and criminals. She deplores the fact that ministers and their congregations are not more closely in touch with the prisoners. She recommends that every large church have its jail committee, composed of a "number of picked Christians," who would undertake to visit regularly a certain number of convicts.

Now, certainly, the more our churchgoers know about jails and their inmates, the better, and *vice versa*. But if such a plan were to be carried out, the inter-

views should benefit the "picked Christians" more than the criminals. The former would fulfill the implied command, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." But even should they perform their mission expertly—which they could not—they would provide their hosts with more diversion than conversion. As for the actual psychological, psychiatric *management* of the criminal—there could be no more difficult, intricate task, nor one requiring more specialized training. Compared with the treatment of such advanced cases as are to be found in the jails, the therapeutics of advanced pneumonia is simple and its prognosis favorable.

If we move back but a little, in time—from the jail to the juvenile court, volunteers, amateurs, are more nearly useful. They were used more in Judge Baker's time than they are now, for, now, more technically trained persons are available to help the probation officers.

Let us move back still further—to the home and school. Here, Mrs. Montague, we reach the members of your congregation, the amateurs who should, and may, be expert in the construction, if not the reconstruction, of character. These are the homebuilders, those who can destroy or fulfill all that the most competent teachers would do for their children. Remember, too, Mrs. Montague, those who sit in pews are mostly employers, or related to them. (Do a few, perhaps, manufacture munitions?) On Sunday they hear how the wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor. On Monday many of them announce wage cuts, layoffs, and make their contributions to the delinquency areas mentioned above, whence come those whom your jail committee of "picked Christians" will visit, say, on Friday. How much more can and should our congregations do about such as this!

Do not think that I am scorning the suggestion that Christians and criminals get together. But surely, one who is physician, deacon, and parent is entitled to a sincere interest in learning what we of today can do about salvation. My journey has brought me back home. How much we parents need, and how ill we are equipped for what the elder Berle called the School in the Home! Seeds of salvation! What are they? Reverence for human personality, which we can best acquire from Jesus and His church. Insight into emerging character, which we can best acquire from the mental hygienists, the child psychologists.

Salvation is indeed a process, a "way" of life. It begins in the home. It must be the business no longer only of our holy men, but also of all of us who deal with growing children.

In the Name of Peace

MIRIAM ZIONY

With eyes and ears glued to its newspapers and radios, an anxious world waited for two endless weeks to see how soon the monstrous fighting mechanism that it has fashioned as a protection against war would engulf it anew. No longer did anyone argue or seem to believe that the bombing planes and the poison gases, the tanks and torpedoes, the cruisers and submarines, and all the latest diabolical contraptions which have been piling up could serve any other purpose, on the earth and above the earth and in the depths of the sea, than that of dealing death and destruction and leading ultimately to the creation of new tombs for unknown soldiers and new cemeteries filled with little crosses—if anybody should be left to erect the tombs and the crosses.

Under the ominous tension prior to, and after, Hitler's speech at Nuremberg, even individuals and groups that had previously minced no words in their heedless, provocative denunciation of dictatorial methods, began to counsel caution and to express hopes that the soft answer might be used to turn away wrath and war.

The armed suspense before Chamberlain's flight to Berchtesgaden brought home to some of the most ardent devotees of preparedness and collective security the realization that before it became too late, it was necessary to control the Frankenstein that the mind and the hands of man have created, and to bid it rot and rust away in order that man himself be preserved.

In the name of peace, England and France became co-partners in the dismemberment of the ancient kingdom of Bohemia and the Czechoslovakian republic which they had helped to establish.

United States government spokesmen, aware of the danger of involvement in another world war to end war, declared that this country was determined to have no part in any impending struggle between the European democracies and totalitarian states. As was emphasized by President Roosevelt in his last-minute appeals for peaceful settlement, however, we are not and we cannot be indifferent to, or unaffected by, European conflicts.

As is already becoming quite clear, a say-nothing and do-nothing policy will not suffice to prevent the eventual precipitation of war; nor will peace and prosperity be bought through the sacrifice and submission of additional Austrias and Ethiopias and Czechoslovakias or, on the other hand, by armed resistance to submission as in Spain and China.

For an all too brief interval after the Munich four-power deliberations, when the message went round the world that there would be no war over Czechoslovakia, there rose a vision and a hope throughout the world that this meeting between the dictators and the democracies might presage the dawn of a new day of understanding and good will and peace among the nations.

Shall that vision and that hope which gleamed alike in democratic and totalitarian hearts now be buried once more in disillusionment and distrust, in renewed vituperation and invective, in new military and political alignments, in greater preparations for war? Or shall it be realized at last in the formation of an Association of the Nations of the World for sincere collaboration and conciliation without the threat of force; for the correction of injustices left as a result of the World War and the Versailles Treaty, without the creation of new injustices; for reduction and limitation of armaments, and the general solution of national and international problems regarding money, credits and debts, colonies and raw materials, trade and tariffs, industry and unemployment and minority questions, without resort to war?

The establishment of a new federation of nations and peoples has long been urged by peace advocates who, with reason, have been skeptical about the reliability and effectiveness of the League of Nations with all its reliance on sanctions and force.

For some time it has been rumored that President Roosevelt has cherished an idea of gathering the dictators and the representatives of the democracies around the same conference table, but such an idea has been declared preposterous. Yet, regardless of how one may feel about the agreements made there, it was the meeting at Munich of the supposedly irreconcilable that halted, for the time being at least, the conflict which otherwise would have been inevitable.

Is not this the propitious moment, while there is still with us the remembrance of the agony under which the verdict of *war or peace* was awaited, and before we blunder toward the precipice once too often, for the convocation of a new world conference that shall be prepared to avoid the errors of previous attempts at international coöperation, that shall give honest consideration to the problems which face all the nations, including those that have too little and those that have too much of land and wealth and natural resources?

Ironically enough, it is in *our* aberrations from tolerance and truth, as manifested in our Exclusion Acts, for instance, and in the anti-German hysteria of 1917, that Herr Hitler professes to see a guide and a precedent for his own theories and actions.

In the United States of America, Hitler declares in *Mein Kampf:*

> . . . . they are trying partially at any rate, to include common sense in their councils. They refuse to allow immigration of elements which are bad from the health point of view, and absolutely forbid naturalization of certain defined races, and thus are making a modest start in the direction of something not unlike the conception of the National State.
>
> The British and American war propaganda was psychologically correct. By displaying the German to their own people as a barbarian and a Hun, they were preparing the individual soldier for the horrors of war and so helped to spare him disappointments. The most terrible of weapons which now came against him were now for him merely a confirmation of the information which he had already received, and reinforced his faith in the truth of his Government's assertions, while it heightened his rage and hatred against the villainous enemy.

Must there be evermore the menace of war and the conjuring up of villainous enemies with which to prepare psychologically for disappointments and for horrors comparable to, and even worse than, those of the Middle Ages which the Fuehrer of Germany himself once deplored? In the light of human rights and individual liberties already attained, can we not, instead, in this day and age, find through coöperative deliberation the will and the way to the attainment of an International Constitution and a Universal Bill of Rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

The Study Table

A Great Faith

RETHINKING RELIGION. *By John Haynes Holmes.* 249 *pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $2.25.

When the premier of Great Britain flew to Berchtesgaden a few months ago, he merely re-enacted a role which had been played on the stage of the New York Theater Guild three years before. In 1935 the situation had been laughed at. The thought of the responsible leader of a great modern nation flying directly into the heart of the country of its potential enemies and winning peace by heroic moral surrender had been considered preposterous, mock-heroic, impractical, pacifistic. And three years later it happened! And not in faraway, fairy-story Japan, through an impetuous, precedent-breaking, democratic president, but in modern, imperialistic Europe, through a conservative premier, representing an ancient landed aristocracy. No longer was it a matter for laughter. Preposterous, still, perhaps, and pathetically idealistic, but not fantastic now, not impossible, any more.

Now the man who made the prophecy in *If This Be Treason* has written a book, not on international relations or the problems of war and peace, but on religion—his own, personal religion, the fruit of thirty-five years of practical ministry in an independent, metropolitan pulpit, of a church affiliated with the American Unitarian Association. And it behooves all critics and scoffers, all jeerers and cynics, as well as those who dwell in the faith, and wait for the Coming, to give heed to the fundamental religious philosophy upon which such prescience is founded. What is the basis of the moral idealism which enabled John Haynes Holmes to foretell, three years in advance, the next heroic gesture for world peace?

He tells us in *Rethinking Religion,* a volume just published, and dedicated to his "Friends and Colleagues in the Ministry." Its groundwork is the series of radio addresses he gave a year ago, greatly expanded and entirely rewritten. The book will be a disappointment to many of Dr. Holmes' Humanistic "colleagues," for, having made short shift of the supernatural and the superstitious in his first two compelling chapters, he opens wide the door to the super-rational and the Unknowable in chapters nine and twelve. One must bear in mind, for all the second half of the book, that he is listening to a magnificent orator and a great poetic soul, rather than to a mind trained in the rigid discipline of exact science, to enjoy the deep religious insight, and profit from its profound understanding of the nature and purpose of the life of the spirit.

The most satisfying chapters for modern readers will be those on "Religion As Experience," "What Is Religion?" "The Social Aspect of Religion," and its complement, "Modern Exemplars," in which Dr. Holmes sketches the lives and the labors of Albert Schweitzer, Kagawa, and Gandhi, as instances of modern religion at work in the world of today.

In "Religion As Experience," Dr. Holmes builds, on the discovery that religion is as old as history and as wide as humanity, and at bottom always the same (so that "if there is to be distinction between these many religions of many peoples, it must be upon the basis, not of true and false, but of high and low,") a definition of religion as: "Whatever brings man to a deeper, truer, more enduring adjustment to the highest values of life as we know it in this world . . . Concern

with individual salvation, with personal piety apart from social destiny, is the supreme spiritual heresy. Religion has to do with the ideal ends of life. In the very nature of these ideal ends, religion must direct its attention not to individuals but to relationships between individuals. . . . Therefore is society the problem of religion —and the new and ideal society its goal."

"But" says Dr. Holmes, "we cannot stop with Humanism," and in his chapters on God, Immortality, and the Moral Law he maintains the thesis that the logic of human thought and experience compels the assumption that the groundwork of the universe is rational, conscious, ethical, and in potential personal relationship with each individual soul. This is the faith, based on apparent probability and personal experience, which lies at the base of the religious thinking of all theists, I suppose. Left as simple faith, as an expression of a point of view, no one need quarrel with it. It is when Dr. Holmes reaches out to enlist the name of science in its defense that he becomes less satisfying.

For the scientist, quite as much as the Humanist, will object to Dr. Holmes' division of the proofs of science into two differing orders, those he calls "demonstration," and those from inference and deduction. When he points to the proof of the existence of the electron and the discovery of Pluto as examples of inference, but not demonstration, he will trouble the spirits of all exact scientists. For every scientific "inference" is called "proof" only when it is resolvable into demonstration as concrete as two plus two equals four, which can be tested by any normal mind in any corner of the universe. When Dr. Holmes says, it *must* be; thought *demands;* logic *exacts,* we are prone to follow on, swept away by eloquence and beauty, to conviction unless we remember that a poet must be interpreted, a lover—even a lover of God and man—must be curbed. However much the yearning soul may cry out that a thesis must be so, it is still tragically possible that it may very likely not be so at all; and however emphatically the prophet may declare such and such a condition to be "unthinkable" it still goes right on being perfectly and unavoidably "thinkable" and, far worse than that, very probably "true."

Dr. Holmes has used again the old arguments from analogy to conditions observable in the natural world to establish conviction regarding things in an "unknowable" world,—arguments enticing alike in logic and politics and history and theology, but which properly abide in poetry alone. It is the poet which has betrayed the logician in Dr. Holmes' theology, and who would have it otherwise? A great soul with a great faith, which has made him crusader and prophet, and martyr, too, in this age of turmoil and mediocrity may well speak out of a full heart and a life rich in experience, and let the rest of us worry about rational demonstration and logical syllogism. Here is the man's life, and here is his faith. Fortunately, revering them both, we can imitate the one without accepting in detail the canons of the other. Few books in the field of religion in our day will ring so true, set forth a man's faith so clearly, mean so much to the "Friends and Colleagues in the Ministry" to which it is dedicated: "Gentlemen and scholars, loving comrades, eager seekers after the truth; devoted servants of the public good."

JULIA N. BUDLONG.

Joy and Woe Are Woven Fine

MY PART IN A CHANGING WORLD. *By Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd.,* 1938. 15/.

Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence's story of her life is a book that had to be written. It tells the history of that unique revolution by which women obtained the vote in England, and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence knows that history as do few others. She tells us how and why the militant movement began, and gives us the reason for each more violent step. The answers to many "whys" are there: why the women opposed all political candidates, why they broke windows, why they went on hunger strikes, even why they poured acid into mail boxes. The answer to why the Prime Minister treated them so badly is also there, though it reflects little credit upon him. Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence says:

> Liberal statesmen had been misled from the first by their belief in the traditional weakness of women, and had imagined at every new development of the movement that a little more physical violence would find the limit of women's endurance and would discourage them from persistence in their revolt.

Before the end the Government saw the error of this when the Home Secretary explained on the floor of the House that to let one or two die of starvation would be useless as it was not a question of letting one or two die, for without doubt they would all die and others would be eager to take their place, adding: "They have a courage which stands at nothing."

But the book is more than a history of this struggle. It shows us women for the first time working together in numbers to bring the force of their characters and abilities to the solution of the great general problems of the world. We see them first tackling social problems among the working women of London, then conducting the great suffragette campaign, and in the last chapters working together in international fraternity for peace. In a sense this is a new thing in the world and it is well that the beginnings have been faithfully recorded.

Perhaps the story would be more vivid if there were some complete descriptions of the sufferings of individuals. The martyrdom of Emily Davison is just mentioned, and the horrors of forcible feeding are spoken of in most general terms. Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence contents herself with quoting several physicians, one of whom said:

> As a medical man without any particular feeling for the cause of suffragettes, I consider the forcible feeding by the methods employed is an act of brutality beyond common endurance.

Having hundreds of cases of forcible feeding in her memory, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence could have made a more dramatic narrative, but her philosophy leads her to minimize these things. She simply says at the end of the book: "The cost was small compared with the gain which the future has yet to reap."

At least as valuable as a record of far-reaching historical events in this book is the revelation of a beautiful personality. The spirit of tolerance and loving kindness which so naturally pervades the story is very moving. The author is careful to keep reminding us of the many men who helped the cause by encouragement and sacrifice. But she even has friendly words for the policemen who arrested them and the prison doctors who administered the tortures. A frightened woman who gave evidence for the Crown against her

colleagues receives a kind explanatory word. The book creates a feeling of gratitude that Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence's character has been put down on paper for people who have never seen her. To know that her methods of sympathy and good will have accomplished so much in the world makes us share her hope for the future.

REBEKAH S. GREATHOUSE

Important Rôle of the Irish

PIONEER IRISH IN NEW ENGLAND. 325 *pp.* $3.50.
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE IRISH. 271 *pp.* $2.50.
HERCULES MULLIGAN. 190 *pp.* $2.50.
The three volumes were written by Michael J. O'Brien and published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

Mr. O'Brien spent a number of years in arduous work and diligent research to compile the material for his volumes, and the finished products should prove an excellent reward for his labor. For they prove that the Irish, contrary to the colored implications of the "First Census of the American People," played an important rôle and influence in Colonial times as well as during the early and trying years of the existence of the independent American nation. A contemporary New England historian challenged the Irish "to come into Court with some real proof" to this effect and in these three volumes that "historian" and others of his kind will find some *real proof* and confounding surprises. In the first volume, Mr. O'Brien cites evidence from the English State Papers showing that 11,000 people were "transferred" from Ireland to West Indies, Virginia, and New England between 1649 and 1653; that 550 Irish arrived at Marblehead, Mass., in 1654, "stollen from theyre beds" in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien throughout this book gives the names of distinguished families in all walks of Colonial society who were descendants of Irish immigrants, though many of them held English names and adopted religious beliefs, undoubtedly in some cases as a result of religious persecution, at variance with those of their ancestors. In the Appendix, Mr. O'Brien offers lists of names of Irish mentioned in New England Records of the 17th century, of the first quarter of the 18th century, and of pioneer Irish in New England—names which run literally into thousands upon thousands when the members of their families are included.

In the second volume, Mr. O'Brien unearths a fact that will prove extremely distasteful to the followers of the Ku Klux Klan, namely: that a second cousin of the immortal George Washington was of Irish blood. Here are the facts: William Ball, who settled in Lancaster County, Va., late in the 17th century, had two sons: Joseph and William. Joseph was the father of Mary who married Augustine Washington. To this union was born on February 22, 1732, the child who was destined to become the illustrious "Father of the Country." William, second, was the father of Sarah Ball who on September 22, 1724, married Dennis, son of Daniel McCarthy, at Cople Parish Church, Westmoreland County. Mary and Sarah were first cousins, so, therefore, the children of Dennis and Sarah (Ball) McCarthy, namely: Daniel, Dennis, Thadeus, Ann, and Sarah enjoyed the distinction of being second cousins of George Washington.

Mr. O'Brien quotes extensively in this volume from Washington's diary, buttressed by many photostatic reproductions, showing Washington's intimate relationship with numerous Irish friends, a long list of whom is appended. Mr. O'Brien has also no difficulty in demonstrating that the Irish were uniformly stanch friends of American liberty and independence, and he offers a list of 10,843 names of Irish and of Irish descent who served in Washington's army. In the Appendix, Mr. O'Brien presents additional long lists of Irish who played important rôles in all spheres of early American life.

In the third volume, Mr. O'Brien digs up some valuable facts about an Irish character who, though little known to the present generation, was an important confidential correspondent of Washington: Hercules Mulligan. Hercules supplied valuable information about the enemy which contributed to decisive and strategic victories of Washington's Revolutionary Army. Hercules was a successful businessman and was widely known in business and political circles of his time. Is it not strange, therefore, that no mention is made of this confidant of Washington and important figure of his time in the official historical records that came down to our day? Is it because he was Irish?

Mr. O'Brien's efforts should serve as a precedent to all leaders of minority nationalities and groups in our midst who are being discriminated against and misrepresented simply because they entertain religious or social beliefs which are distasteful to the majorities with which they associate. Mr. O'Brien has answered historic lies with historic truth, prejudiced propaganda with research. Mr. O'Brien's books deserve wide and thoughtful reading.

MICHAEL B. SCHELER

In Quest of Happiness

IN QUEST OF THE BLUEBIRD. *By Rabbi Louis L. Mann.* 95 *pp. Chicago: A. L. Glaser.* $1.00.

Dr. Mann believes that happiness eludes most people because they seek it. He holds that happiness can never be objective, but subjective; not a product, but a by-product of unselfish service. With ample illustrations from classic literature, the author points out that riches, power, fame, glory, health, and security, in and by themselves, do not make for happiness.

His discussion of fear, with its devastating biological and psychological effects, as Private Enemy No. 1, is provocative and enlightening. Worry, envy, cynicism, self-pity, lack of perspective, and maladjustment are also dealt with as enemies of human happiness.

The section devoted to "Converting Liabilities into Assets" will be of help to persons who are victims of self-pity. "We succeed in life and obtain happiness not *in spite* of obstacles and frustrations, but *because* of them," says the author. How to get the most out of life through eyes that see, ears that hear, hearts that feel, and souls that aspire, is told in terms of apperception with an intriguing appreciation of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Dr. Mann insists that the Bluebird can be found in every home and in every heart. He says that "happiness is a perfume that you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself."

S. B.

Correspondence

Chamberlain and Czechoslovakia

Editor of UNITY:

I find myself bewildered by the editorials on Czechoslovakia! Indeed one must re-read them to decide whether they are meant to cloak a truer purpose under the garments of satire. I fail utterly to detect the "sheer moral grandeur" in the man who, when his government is about to reap the consequences of its own rank and stubborn injustices to the former German Democracy, throws Europe's noblest democratic experiment away to play for time to re-arm.

There is nothing democratic about it. The Ribbentrop Commission entered the situation unsolicited, and exerted pressures beyond the demands of the crisis. And the Munich decision was taken in the conspicuous absence of the nation most vitally affected.

There was nothing pacifist about it. The ink wasn't dry on the paper before Chamberlain announced redoubled efforts toward re-armament, which may give some explanation of what the time (that all-important element) is to be saved for! With all this and the British record in Spain and Ethiopia before us, it seems actually unsophisticated to dismiss as "silly slander" the charges of Toryism's pro-Fascism.

This is not, and was never intended, as a first step in the correction of Versailles injustices nor part of a program of peaceful change in which the "democratic" empires propose making world resources available to the world peoples. We need go no further than Chamberlain's own words and deeds to learn it is a play for time until England feels ready to resort once more to arms to save her empire.

Far from a pacifist program!

GEORGE M. GIBSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

[Note: It is a pity that we have not expressed more accurately our attitude toward the Czechoslovakian settlement, for we are in larger agreement with the above letter than Mr. Gibson seems to imagine. Thus, we have never cherished the illusion that Mr. Chamberlain is a pacifist, or that his policy in the Munich settlement represents a pacifist program. Here we are in full accord with our correspondent! But just for this reason did we find it the more impressive that a Prime Minister who has said that he would go to war on any fundamental issue of principle and honor, should have striven as he did in September last to keep peace. We do not know what his motives were, nor do we believe that anybody knows. But it has seemed to us that Mr. Chamberlain did what no other leader of a state, weak or strong, has ever done—namely, refused to accept the challenge of war and go to war, and instead insisted upon meeting his opponent and preserving peace with him and thus in the world. It is obvious that Mr. Chamberlain paid a terrific price for the Munich pact—a price, we believe, far heavier than should have been necessary. But we do not know any price too heavy to pay for preserving peace or postponing war, since we regard war as the final and complete disaster.

We may perhaps be pardoned for seeing something like "sheer moral grandeur" in Mr. Chamberlain's gesture in going to Germany at the supreme crisis and meeting Hitler face to face, in view of the fact that four years ago we wrote a pacifist play, *If This Be Treason* which was produced in New York by the Theatre Guild and is now published in book form by Macmillan, in which just this thing was done by our hero, an imaginary President of the United States in a war crisis, as the climax and justification of the drama. Our hero refused to fight, insisted on going to the land of his enemy to meet its rulers, and there made peace. Perhaps a pardonable author's pride dictated our editorial statement; and yet we feel that, at bottom, there was the pacifist ideal which we cherish as the very substance of our intellectual and spiritual idealism.

We agree with Mr. Gibson that the Munich decision involved dreadful concessions and was essentially undemocratic, but this decision was not a thousandth part as dreadful or undemocratic as the war which might have come. We agree with Mr. Gibson that Czechoslovakia was betrayed, but we submit that Mr. Chamberlain was not responsible for this evil, but rather the authors of the Versailles Treaty. The Czechoslovakian tragedy began in 1919 when protesting minorities were forced under the rule of the Czechoslovakian state. President Masaryk was opposed to this, for the good reason that he knew that it meant sooner or later the dismemberment and perhaps the extinction of his beloved country. Mr. Lloyd George testifies to this fact in his current book on the Versailles Conference, in which he laments that Benes and not Masaryk represented Czechoslovakia at the peace table and there insisted upon frontier lines which Lloyd George says he knew at the time would in the end wreck the country. Mr. Chamberlain was up against an impossible situation and therefore had to yield. We agree also with Mr. Gibson that Mr. Chamberlain's re-armament policy is absolutely inconsistent with his appeasement policy, but we repeat that Mr. Chamberlain is not a pacifist, not even an idealist—and this point, of course, we were not discussing in our editorials. Lastly, we agree with Mr. Gibson that Mr. Chamberlain's negotiations and settlement were a "play for time." This we stated, and defended in our editorials on the ground that time is on the side of the democracies. If it is time only for England to re-arm in the interest of her empire, then the whole thing is as damnable as Mr. Gibson would have us believe.

The real difference between Mr. Gibson and ourselves is the fundamental one of pacifism. We are an absolute pacifist, and he is obviously not. We believe, as he seems not to believe, that any peace is better than any war. Benjamin Franklin stated this position in immortal words when he said. "There never was a bad peace nor a good war." Apply that statement to the Czechoslovakian situation and you have what we have been trying to say in our editorials on the subject.—Editor.]

In Reply to Mr. Grose

Editor of UNITY:

Referring to the article, "Bridging the Gulf," appearing in the November 21st issue of UNITY, I would like to say that the gulf between Christianity and Judaism will never be bridged until both Christian and Jew realize that their movements are not ends in themselves, but means to a higher purpose—humanity. In other words, not until the time comes when there will be neither Christianity nor Judaism but one broad Humanitarianism. But until that moment comes we must each develop that which is eternal in himself, and discard that which is local and temporal.

I beg to take exception, however, to Mr. Grose's statement that Father Coughlin does not speak for the American Catholic Church. There is not a church that is better organized and has greater control over its ministers than has the Catholic Church; and if the Church disapproved of Father Coughlin's systematic, cunning, shrewd attempts to spread hatred of the Jews, she would soon stop him. As long as she does not, the Catholic Church must be held responsible for the result of his propaganda. In fact, he is following along the same lines that Hitler did—arousing the masses; but greater blame is attached to Father Coughlin than to Hitler, for Hitler is a man without education while Father Coughlin, like all Catholic priests, is a well educated man.

LEO KAUL.

Chicago, Ill.

Anti-Semitism in Germany

Editor of UNITY:

It has been reported that many people in Germany disapprove of the treatment of the Jews, but dare not express their disapproval. Now it is announced that the authorities in Berlin are going to hold 1500 anti-Semitic meetings throughout the country, and that at each an anti-Jewish film will be shown entitled, "The Jew with His Mask Off." This is clear proof that anti-Jewish feeling in Germany is not so strong or so universal as Hitler wants the outside world to believe, and that he is deliberately trying to increase it.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Cambridge, Mass.